In Recital

Rachelle Melchin, soprano

assisted by
Georgina Williams, piano

Friday, March 12, 1999 at 5:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Nymphs and Shepherds (The Libertine) (1692) Man is for the Woman made (The Mock Marriage) (1695) Music for a while (Oedipus) (1692) Hark! The ech'ing Air (The Fairy Queen) (1692)	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Die Lotosblume Op. 25, No.7 (1840) Du bist wie eine Blume Op. 25, No. 24 (1840) Der Nussbaum Op. 25, No. 3 (1840) Widmung Op. 25, No. 1 (1840)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Deh vieni, non tardar (1786) from *Le Nozze di Figaro* Recitative and Aria	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Intermission

Chanson d'Amour, Op. 27, No. 1 (1882) Après un Rêve (1878) Aurore, Op. 39, No. 1 (1884) Mandoline, Op. 58, No. 1 (1891)	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Over the Rim of the Moon - Song Cycle (1918) The Ships of Arcady Beloved A Blackbird Singing Nocturne	Michael Head (1900-1976)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Melchin.

Ms Melchin is a recipient of The Vienna Opera Ball Society Scholarship.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Die Lotosblume (The Lotos Flower)
The lotus flower is afraid
Of the splendor of the sun,
And with her head bent low
Dreaming she waits for the night.
The moon, he is her lover,
He wakens her with his light,
And to him she unveils gracefully
Her innocent flower face.
She glows and blooms and shines,
And gazes mutely aloft;
In fragrance she weeps and trembles
With love and the pain of love.

Du bist wie eine Blume (You are like a Flower)
You are like a flower,
So lovely and fair and pure,
I look at you, and sadness
Steals down into my heart.
I feel as if my hands
I should lay upon your head,
Praying that God may keep you
So pure and lovely and fair.

Der Nussbaum (The Nut Tree)
A nut-tree blooms before the house,
Fragrant, airily it spreads its leafy branches wide.
Many lovely blossoms gleam thereon,
Gentle winds are coming, to embrace them heartily.
They whisper always paired in twos,
Bending, bowing gracefully
For a kiss their frail little heads.
They whisper of a maiden,
Who was thinking all night and all day,
But alas! did not know of what,
They whisper, they whisper,
Who can understand such a soft melody?
Whisper of the bridegroom and of next year.
The maiden listens, a breeze stirs the tree;
Yearning, hoping she sinks
Smiling into sleep and dream.

Widmung (Dedication)
Oh you, my soul, oh you, my heart,
Oh you, my delight, oh you, my sorrow,
Oh you, my world wherein I live,
You my heaven into which I soar,
Oh you my grave, wherein deep down
Forever I have laid my sorrow!
You are the rest, you are the peace;
Heaven has destined you for me.
That you love me makes me deem myself worth,
Your gaze has transfigured me to myself,
Your love lifts me above myself,
My good spirit, my better self!

Widmung - Dedication (continued)
You my soul, you my heart,
You my delight, oh you, my sorrow,
You my world wherein I live,
My heaven you, into which I soar,
My good spirit, my better self!

Deh vieni, non tardar (Come Now, Delay Not)
Recitative
At last the moment is near when carefree I shall exult in the embrace of him I worship.
Timid care, be banished from my heart, and come not to disturb my joy.
Oh, how the beauties of this place, of heaven and earth, respond to the fire of my love.
How night furthers my designs!

Aria
Come now, delay not, lovely joy,
come where love calls you to pleasure.
The nocturnal torch shines not yet in heaven;
the air is still murky, and the earth silent.
Here the brook murmers, the breezes play
and with gentle sighing refresh the heart.
Here flowers are laughing, and the grass is cool;
all things beckon to love's delights.
Come, my soul, within this hidden grove.
Come! I would crown your brow with roses!

Chanson d'Amour (Song of Love)
I love your eyes, I love your face,
O my rebellious, o my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your lips
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.
I love your voice, I love the strange
Gracefulness of everything that you say,
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise!
I love your eyes, I love you face, 'tiful,
I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!

Après un Rêve (After A Dream)
In a slumber charmed by your image
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were radiant like a sky brightened by sunrise;
You were calling me, and I left the earth
To flee with you towards the light;
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Splendors unknown, glimpses of divine light...
Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I call to you, oh night, give me back your illusions;
Return, return with your radiance,
Return, oh mysterious night!

Aurore (Daybreak)
From the gardens of the night the stars fly away,
Golden bees attracted by an unseen honey,
And the dawn, in the distance, spreading the brightness of its canvas,
Weaves silver threads into the sky's blue mantle.
From the garden of my heart, intoxicated by a languid dream,
My desires fly away with the coming of the morn,
Like a light swarm to the coppery horizon,
Called by a plaintive song, eternal and far away.
They fly to your feet, stars chased by the clouds,
Exhiled from the golden sky where your beauty blossomed,
And, seeking to come near you on uncharted paths,
Mingle their dying light with the dawning day.

Mandoline (Mandolin)
The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies
Fashions many tenter verses.
Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze.